The Bride's Play, a Romantic Film Drama Will Start On This Page Monday

Where Girls Propose by Right

A CURIOUS custom prevails in Himia, one of the little islands of the Greek Archipelago. The girls of this tiny isle of sponge-fishers exercise the right to propose to men, and have done so for centuries.

Magazine Page

This Day in History

GENERALS ROBERTS and Gough, both of whom figured prominently in the world war, won their spurs on this date in 1879, when they defeated an army of 25,00 in the Afghan revolt against the British

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Read the Serial Here and Watch for the Motion Picture Soon To Be Shown at Leading Theaters.

THE STORY SO FAR.

Essie Birdsong, a lovely flower of the East Side, works in the Blatzky sweatshop to help her brother, Jimmie, support their ailing mother. She becomes acquainted with Lulu Pope, an usher at a theater. Lulu gets Essie a place at the same theater, where she meets Joe Ullman, a young ticket speculator. Essie tells her mother and Jimmie about him, but he steadily keeps away from Essie's family. In his business as ticket speculator, he sells seats to John Bascomb, jr., son of a now wealthy former suitor of Mrs. Birdsong. Essie invites Joe to dinner, but again he disappoints her and her family, and when she meets him later she tells him she doesn't ever want to see him again. At home, Mrs. Birdsong has a new heart seizure, worrying over Essie's delayed home-coming. Essie realizes that nothing short of her bringing Joe for her mother to see will appease her, but he spurns her and she returns home in despair. Meanwhile young John Bascom is wandering about the East side, and, meeting Essie, he impersonates Joe.

("Just Around the Corner" made into motion pictures, scenario and direction by Frances Marion, is a Cosmopolitan production, released as a Paramount picture.)

Screen Version Novelized.

By JANE McLEAN.

JMMIE confessed there was something to this point of view.

"And here's something else—you didn't know my father knew your mother, did you? He did, when she was a girl like your sister and he was a young fellow my age—and he's still living in the same old house he lived in then; I'll say it would be a grand thing for him if you two would go up there and keep him company—he's all alone."

Essie looked at her brother. "Oh, Jimmie, to go in the country."

"Sure," said John, "and go to school; you'll have to do that—I promised, and I'm great on keeping promises."

"But how do you know your father'd have us?" asked Jimmie.

"Because he's told me to send you along—but I'm going to do better than that, I'm going to bring you."

There was a family council in the Birdsong flat attended by Essie and Jimmie and John Bascom and Mrs. Finschreiber during which the tenant below was asked to accept the furniture of the Birdsongs with the exception of a few little trinkets as a Christmas present from Little Ma.

Mrs. Finschreiber shed tears and accepted with the same whole-heartedness she had shown when no furniture was in sight.

And Essie kissed her and she kissed Jimmie and watched them leave the tenement just around the corner for the last time before she repeated the story of the rich young man and the miracle that had happened on the floor above her.

The journey to the old home of Little Ma was a kind of bewildering excursion filled with marvelous incidents; for the first time the girl and the boy got a glimpse of the vastness of the city which had shut them in.

But it was when they came to the country that their wonder turned into delight; never had they seen such wild fields of snow; never had they heard sleigh bells before, and when the train stopped at the small station and they were met by John's father they felt as though they had come straight to the special habitation of Santa Claus.

Neighbors of Bascom senior thought it strange, but not out of keeping with his character that he should take into his household two children of the worthless Henry

Mrs. Birdsong Is Taken with Another Heart Attack and Jimmie Accuses Essie of Being the Cause of It.

Birdsong of forgotten memory and bring them up as though they belonged to him.

But Mr. Bascom could afford to be generous—selfish, he called it, for he felt himself growing young again with Essie in the house.

"Don't be shocked at her talk," his son had said. "Send her to school, dad; she's a lot to learn; you won't know her in a year and the boy's a brick."

Like a Fairy Tale.

To be transplanted to the country, to know peace and plenty, to have found a fairy godfather—all this was more than Essie and Jimmie could have dreamed in their wildest moments.

The girl went to school and worked; in a year Lulu would not have known her. For, according to Lulu's standards, Elsie was no longer "chick." The old slangisms, the aint's and the wild disagreement between plural nouns and singular verbs had disappeared. Essie could speak quietly and correctly, and Mr. Bascom senior felt he had known it all the time. The stock was there, and all it needed was the environment to bring it out.

Jimmie was eager and grateful; now if there is any one thing that repays the generous for their trouble it is the feeling that those for whom they strive appreciate their interest.

Mr. Bascom actually gloried in the affection showered on him by the girl and the boy; they waited on him; they ran errands for him; they spent their time thinking what they could do for him, and they were so devoted that he began to wonder if they weren't his own children after all and he'd just missed them all these years.

Now and again they asked for young John, but that young man was busy in New York—and came home infrequently.

He mentioned them in his letters and wrote to Essie and asked her to write to him. That was the one great incentive for the girl. To write to John she must be able to write well, to express herself well.

Many a night she sat in her room, so different from the room in the tenement, and studied and began letters and tore them up and started them over and tore them up again.

As she improved she wrote easily; John Bascom got all the news of his home town; all the gossip and Essie Birdsong signed her letters "Your True Friend."

Essie had been with John Bascom, senior, a year and a half when young John came home for his Summer holidays.

Jimmie and his sister drove to the station to meet him.

"Well, I'll say my true friend has grown as beautiful as the country," said John grasping her slender hand and shaking Jimmie's outstretched brown one with the other.

Essie laughed a laugh she had never felt in New York.

"I'll be here a whole month—we'll have some real old-fashioned good times."

"I'm going to work on the farm," said Jimmie, "but Essie isn't very busy these days."

"I'll keep her busy," said John Bascom as they started for the main street.

"So you're sticking to the old horse, eh?" asked the man as Essie flipped the reins.

"Your father and I drive a lot," she said, "and he prefers the horse to the car."

"Oh, he does! well I prefer the car to the horse—I'm a fast young man, I am—living in New York does it—don't I look it?"

Essie Does Not Look.

Essie did not look; ever since John had saved her on that bitter night which now seemed so very long ago she found it hard to look at him without remembering the tenderness in his eyes. Not that she resented that, only she was afraid her own might tell too much of a tale.

John's father had not looked so well for years.

"This being a parent a second time seems to agree with you," John Junior remarked as they sat around the supper table.

"It's added years to my declining life; it's put new vim into my muscles and given a new viewpoint to my vision."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

An Engrossing Film Drama, Based on One of FANNIE HURST'S Unique Stories of New York's East Side.

MASTODON FOR TOTEM

By Garrett P. Serviss

NEW YORK STATE ought to adopt the mastodon for its totem. The 101st discovery of a mastodon's remains within the borders of the State was recently made near Temple Hill, in Orange county. This is the thirty-first skeleton, or part of a skeleton, found inside Orange county. It is a very fine specimen and almost perfect. It goes to the State Museum at Albany. The state of development of the teeth shows that it was a young animal, though a large one, and what was probably its last meal—a quantity of chewed-up tamarack—was found so placed within the ribs that its nature could hardly be mistaken. The skeleton lay on its side in what was doubtless, after the close of the last glacial period, a tamarack swamp.

It is decidedly thrilling to look upon the actual, original bones of an animal that walked about and chewed tamarack and hemlock and fought flies in muddy swamps, while its long golden-brown hair glinted in streaks of sunshine that stole through the tangled trees, ages in advance of Adam's date. Evidently this was not one of the newly-created animals brought before Adam to be named.

Yet the mastodon was a mammal, i. e., a creature belonging to the highest of all orders, which includes man, and is specially characterized by the fact that all of its members suckle their young. True mothers are found only among mammals. This sturdy young mastodon giant, who perished in that ancient tamarack swamp, had a mother physiologically of the same order as a human mother, though she lived long, long before Eden was planted.

Dr. Sherman C. Bishop, of the New York State Museum, sketches the outlines of a very wonderful picture when he says, in relation to this new find:

"The mastedon was the most conspicuous member of the mammal fauna New York ever had, and it is of special interest to note the great abundance of these creatures in the State during the time of the recession of the post-glacial waters, especially over the swampy highlands before the land had settled down to its present altitude.

After all the disturbances to which the soil of New York and its contents have been subjected, the wasting by the weather and the various other agencies attacking and destroying the integrity of such remains, the abundance of the recorded discoveries of mastodon bones in the State can only be interpreted as indicating the fact that in their heyday these animals were as abundant here as the buffalo were on the plains seventy-five years ago."

The men of the stone ages in Europe made pictures of the mammoth that are astonishingly true to life—for we know just how that animal looked through the discovery of ice-preserved specimens in Siberia—but although some scratchings on bone recently found in the United States have been thought to be possible attempts to represent the mastodon, yet the evidence is far from clear or trustworthy. In fact, we have no proof that man existed at all in New York State at the time when the mastodons were there. He may have existed there; he may have encountered the mastodon, but the evidence that he did is lacking.

Yet, except perhaps for climatic obstacles, there is not a priori reason why man and mastodon should not have been contemporary in the Eastern United States, or anywhere along the central belt of the country where the borders of the ice lay during the last glacial period, and where mastodon remains are now found. Here is one of the most interesting explorations that could be undertaken, viz., the systematic search for pleistocene human remains in North America comparable—if such be the case—with similar remains abounding in Europe.

It may be found that early man could not live with the mastodons, because they dwelt by preference too close to the retreating ice, in a climate, and amid physical conditions unsuited to human requirements, even when such requirements were least exacting.

The Wine of Life -:- -:- A STIRRING ROMANCE

By Arthur Stringer.

By Arthur Stringer.

Well-Known Author and Novelist of Country-Wide Reputation.

THEN he thought of Rodin's "La porte de l'Enfer" and the creatures of desire writhing and coiling about that great door. He would satisfy at least one hunger, he decided, as he made an effort to catch the animal skulking in the corner of his house-steps. He would take it up to his room and feed it, give it the meal of its life. But that harried street cat, unused to kindness, was not easy to approach. Storrow even followed it into the shadowed area beneath the steps themselves, stooping low and striving to disarm its suspicions.

He suddenly stood erect, still in the shadow, for a motor car had stopped at the curb within ten paces of him. From this car he saw a man step slowly down and swing open the door. At the same time that he realized this man to be Donnie Eastman he saw the second alighting figure.

He knew it was Torrie even before he caught the sound of her contented little coo of laughter as the heavily ulstered man ushered her up the worn sandstone steps, with one hand clasping her crooked arm at the elbow.

On the top step they came to a full stop. No word was spoken, but each, apparently swayed by the same impulse, glanced first eastward and then westward along the empty street. Then, still without a spoken word, they stood clasped for a moment in each other's arms.

And still without speaking, the woman withdrew into the darkness of the house, and the man in the ulster, after standing for a moment in abstracted contemplation of his car, slowly went down the steps, lighted a cigarette and slithered off eastward into the night, with a ruby light winking back as he bobbed over the car tracks of Fourth avenue.

Slowly Storrow emerged from his sheltering shadow, feeling his way up the sandstone steps as a blind man might. He stood under the faded door-lintel, with one shoulder against the worn and blistered frame, staring out at the brownstone arroyo of blank doors and drawn blinds and quavering with a nauseous ague which he seemed unable to control.

Biding His Time.

It was not anger that shook him. It was not shame and it was not disgust. It seemed at the moment, a black and all-suffusing hopelessness, a hopelessness which left his body cold and his heart numb.

Then a reaction apparently more physical than mental set in, and he found himself burning with an inarticulate fury of protest wave by mounting wave, until relief in action seemed essential. Yet he fought against the sudden hot thirst to mount to the studio and confront the woman who sooner or later would have to be confronted. Before that encounter, he warned himself, he must be under complete self-control. He was sure of himself now, and of his line of procedure. He could afford to await his time.

He stepped out into the midnight street with poignant feeling of homelessness gnawing at his heart, scarcely conscious of the direction in which he was moving. The sight of a belated panhandler or two drifting eastward along Twenty-third street arrested his attention.

He watched those homing birds beating their way toward the cheap and verminous lodging houses that lay near the East river, wondering why the human body, when ill-fed and ill-clad, ambulated thus with upthrust shoulders and forward-drooping spine. He himself, he remembered, would have to find a sleeping place for the night. Being without hand-baggage, he sheered away from the more pretentious hotels.

In The Light of Day.

He felt the need, in fact, of oblivion, of violent submergence in some neutralizing physical discomfort, like that which comes to a distracted ewe flung bodily into a sheep-dip. So, after walking for an hour without sense of direction or destination, he entered without repugnance a side-street caravansery with tiers of bald little rooms above its over-gilded ground floor saloon. There, after paying for his meager quarters in advance, he went to bed.

But he slept little. When, towards morning, fitful and broken slumber overtook him, he was tortured with dreams of lascivious feline bodies swarming and climbing about a door draped with black. So disturbing were these dreams that he was glad to open his eyes and see sunlight slanting in through his narrow uncurtained window.

He got up and dressed with the slow heaviness of an athlete after a field-day marked with many defeats, sore in body but infinitely more bruised in soul. At the lunch-counter below stairs he bought a roast beef sandwich and a cup of coffee.

The sandwich of indurated beef and rye-bread proved uneatable and he was staring at it with heavy listlessness when his attention was attracted by a short and wide-shouldered Italian with a willow basket of plaster casts swung by a strap from his shoulder. Storrow, as he gulped down his steaming but stale cup of coffee continued to watch him. The peddler was doing his best to persuade an indifferent-eyed Irish bartender to purchase two undraped and diminutive wood-nymphs in plaster-of Paris. But his efforts were unavailing.

Storrow stopped the Italian as he replaced the nymphs and started towards the door.

"Who makes these for you?" he asked, looking over the basket of reposing white figures. They were very badly modeled, Storrow saw, mostly nudes and demi-nudes of Phrynes and Venuses and bacchantes and bathing girls, that type of naively pronographic art which had so firmly established itself beside the barber's mirrow and the tapster's pyramided drinking-glasses.

"I maka dem myself," the Italian responded, not without pride.

"Do you ever feel that you'd like something better?" inquired Storrow, taking up an obese plaster Dryad with ankles sufficiently generous for a Hercules.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WHEN WEEK BEGINS

By W. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

WHEN does the week begin? "Sunday," says the church father, the chief purpose of whose life was to worship God. "Monday," says the tradesman, "for on that day the stirring activities of business and commerce are renewed." "Saturday," says the schoolboy. "This is the day on which my fondest hopes and dreams come into realization."

With each of the foregoing classes the "first" day of the week is not really numerical; it is psychological. It is the day in which his own predominant interest is most fully realized.

Wherefore, I am contending for a "psychologic" definition of the week for the half-grown child, and am urging this idea upon the attention of teachers and parents.

The "course of study" for the grammar school should begin with the Saturday play time and recreation. For the high school it should be the week-end social and amusement program. For the junior college, it should likewise be probably the Friday-Saturday schedule of athletics and entertainment events.

Thus we are considering what is perhaps the most reliable secret of dealing constructively with the education of the young of all grades: Give the child, the young, his interests first. Provide in full measure for the healthy satisfaction of his then predominant social instinct; give adequate but wholesome indulgence to this predominant emotional desire.

Attend to this heart affair of the child first. Plan his own program first in the course of study. Flash first before the attention of the adolescent student a plan for the happy management of his love's young dreams.

At a large high school recently visited I found open insurrection. The school board had foolishly ruled against all athletic games. The pupils, ugly with their teachers, resisted management and were making poor grades in their lessons.

At another one visited on the following day I found a liberal list of snappy athletic events supported by teachers and all alike. The class work was correspondingly high-grade, and the good will of the pupils a thing to conjure by.

It is the same everywhere. Teachers and parents are finding it out. The vital things in the course of training begin on Saturday, the week-end, and the pathway of learning leads from there into the path-way of higher knowledge and inspiration.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Don't Be Petty.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A year ago I went about with a man for six months when he suddenly stopped calling. A short time ago I met him and we made an appointment which he did not keep, but wrote me a letter stating that he was sorry he could not see me on that day, but if I wanted to see him to write him and we would make another appointment. Do you think I should write him or wait until I hear from him. He knows I love him dearly, and I think he is taking advantage of that.

ANXIOUS.

DON'T be petty. The man wrote asking you to make another appointment. You say you care for him, but you appear to value a silly sort of pride so high that you won't show the give and take spirit necessary to friendship, be it between man and woman or between woman and woman.

Bobbie and His Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

WE had sum steem fig pudding for dinner last nite, it was awful good & I wanted a other plate of it & Pa sed all rite, Bobbie, here is a other plate of this pudding, but beeware of pudding, sed Pa, it will maik you too fat, espeshully in the hed, sed Pa.

Does it maik you fat in the hed? I sed. You have ate two dishes of it alreddy, I sed.

Thare is no danger of my gitting fat hedded, sed Pa, beekaus my work is all brane work & my hed nevver gits a chanst to git fat, but a yung kidd like you, sed Pa, is differnt. I guess that is rong, kidd, it shud be k-i-d.

It is moar dangerus for older peepul to eat sweet stuff than yung peepul, sed Ma. A docktor told our wimmens club that.

That mite apply to old gurls, but not to old gents, sed Pa. The old gurls that beelongs to yure club, if they are all like you, is sweet enuff alreddy, sed Pa.

You better say so, sed Ma. But I meen it, you shud not eet much hevvy sweet stuff like puddings.

I sumtimes go for weeks without eeting much sweet stuff, sed Pa. But this fig pudding is so deeliteful that I can-not back away from it, sed Pa. Did you maik it with yure own dear hands? sed Pa to Ma.

I made it, sed Ma. Onst in a wile you seem to reelize my abbility, sed Ma, but nevver for vary long, sed Ma.

Oh yes I do, sed Pa. You are a very abel lady. I offen tell my frends what a abel lady you are, sed Pa, & how sweet also, sed Pa, like this pudding.

Do you reely? sed Ma. You are a deer old darling if you do, sed Ma.

I really do, sed Pa. After I am ded & parrished, sed Pa, you will reelize what a reely deer old gent I have been, sed Pa.

Wen do you expeck to be ded & parrished? sed Ma.

One nevver knows, sed Pa, espeshully wen one eets fig pudding in large & generous hunks like what I have been eating, sed Pa. Life is vary vary fleeting wen fig pudding youve been eeting, sed Pa, & thare is moar truth than poetry in that, sed Pa.

If you think that pudding will injur yure helth, sed Ma, why do you deevour it?

I have always been that way, sed Pa, braiv & reckless to the last deegree wen it caim to what I ate & drinked, sed Pa. I fear no food & shrink from no drink, sed Pa, perviding the drink is temperans, sed Pa & thare was a time wen eeven that dident matter, sed Pa.

I know it, sed Ma, you are a wunderful old wunder, sed Ma, & if you shud happen to eet too much fig pudding & die, sed Ma, it will be a sweet way to go, sed Ma.

This wurld is awful funny, the nicest things to eet is the moast unhealthiest.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Everyday Heroes.

Some people praise the hero who toddles forth to war, as wild as Mr. Nero, as cruel as a czar. They like to see the saber he carries at his side for chopping up his neighbor when he's dissatisfied. They love to hear him telling of winning bloody fights, of fearful shouts and yelling, of guns and gruesome sights. Some people praise the fellow who struts upon the stage, his voice is deep and mellow, his eyes are all the rage. They listen to his raving through acts of storm and stress, they joy to see him saving fair maidens in distress. Still other heroes working for moving picture fans, with grimaces and smirking defeat the villain's plans. Some heroes are erratic, with temperament to spare, while some are acrobatic beneath the spotlight's glare. They strut like Julius Caesar wherever romance bids; but what about the geezer who raises seven kids? The man who gives them schooling and pays their doctor's bills has little time for fooling with wild, heroic thrills. While noted heroes frolic or court the tragic mush, he's nursing Bub through colic and buying Buster's shoes. Where scenes are ever shifting these famous fellows swarm; unlike the hero lifting the mortgage from the farm.